

Chapter 908 Being Refused Again

Expressionlessly, Janet pushed Derek away from her, maintaining a pointed distance. "The rumors about Mr. Wesley and me are all fake. I'm deeply in love with my husband, and I don't have time to play with a little boy like you."

"What little boy? Janet! I'm already 20 years old!" Derek frowned and petulantly asked, "How old are you?"

Rubbing her forehead, Janet explained, "You misunderstood me. Please listen to what I'm trying to say here. You don't really like me like that. Not really. You're just enjoying the idea of taking something away from someone else."

Derek grabbed Janet's arm, denying everything she said. "You have to give me a chance. I'll prove myself to you." Despite his sober tone of voice, Janet was convinced that he hadn't understood a single thing she'd said.

Sighing deeply, Janet closed her eyes to compose herself and said, "I'm sorry but I can't give you this chance. You have to learn that you can't just flirt with anyone you take a fancy to."

Janet thought of Garrett. He used to be such a playboy himself, but now... He was utterly Laney's. However, she couldn't really compare Derek and Garrett.

Janet had no idea what Derek would grow up to be.

"I'm a desperate man, being rejected by my true love. Will no one show me mercy but God?!" Derek cried, his eyebrows raising to the skies. Janet was growing increasingly annoyed at his behavior.

Janet rolled her eyes, realizing what a waste of time and energy it was to try to persuade Derek to alter his course.

"Then you can go pray to God now. I have to get back to work. Take care, Mr. Ramsey." Janet turned around and left.

Derek collapsed into depression. She'd scolded him for absolutely no reason!

He told himself that he wasn't obsessed. Derek

could get any woman he wanted. But, then, why couldn't he get Janet?

All this time, Wilder had been impatiently waiting in the car outside. "Derek, get in already," he said.

Derek followed his order but not silently. He sat down and emphatically slammed the door, emphasizing his anger with a loud bang.

"Were you just fighting with Janet? Judging by how red your faces got, even from back here, it looked like quite the argument." Wilder tried to sound as lighthearted as possible. In truth, however, he was worried that Derek had messed up badly again and he'd have to deal with it.

Derek was in no mood to speak, so he just replied with a small "No".

Wilder pointedly smacked his lips together. He could see how dejected and upset Derek looked in the rearview mirror. The last time he'd been like this was when he was being bullied by other models when he first entered the industry.

"If you have something to say, out with it already!" Wilder said. "I promise not to speak a word of it to anyone. You'll feel better if you just tell me now

rather than crying to yourself alone at home tonight. If you bottle it up that long, it'll just interfere with your work tomorrow." Wilder heaved a sigh.

After not responding for a while, Derek finally replied, "Wilder, I don't have any idea what love actually is, do I?"

This was unbelievable. Why was such a playboy as Derek asking a bachelor like Wilder for advice in this area?

Wilder looked back at him in the rearview mirror and burst into laughter. "You're talking crazy. True love isn't something just for everyone."

Seeing Derek lean against the window, lost in thought, Wilder changed his tone to a more serious one and added, "Your fans won't accept you finding true love now, anyway. Just stick to your job, and stop worrying."

Derek gave a small, humorless laugh. He said nothing more. He opened his window, letting the cool wind from outside wash across his troubled face. Finally, he began to relax.

Meanwhile, outside a certain private hospital in

Barnes...

After work was finished, Elizabeth rushed over there, having found the location on Frank's business card. Work time was done. The hospital was very quiet, with very few nurses still left around. ②

Elizabeth dialed the phone number on Frank's business card. After letting it ring a few times, there was still no answer. When she saw a nurse pass by, Elizabeth caught her attention and asked, "Can you tell me where Dr. Watson's office is?"

"First left down that hallway." The nurse pointed the way and proceeded down the hallway, documents in hand.